

The Pocahontas Times.

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Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

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least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
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NOTES ON THE WAY

To Cass and Back by Rev. W. T. Price

The Way of Life—Lost in the Mountains—Services at Cass, The Big Mill.

Friday April 25 it was my pleasure to set out on a visit to Cass and vicinity. Taking the train at the Marlinton station without anything transpiring, I felt that notes by the way might not be as full as usual. On the way up the grade however it transpired that I was near enough to hear a conversation between two of the passengers that interested me very much.

The subject was that of making the best of life, which is a theme as old as humanity, yet new and fresh, as the dawning of the day. As the parties in question were discussing their oranges, it was edifying to hear their interchange of views. The moral pointed by their symposium, was to the effect, long since commented upon by Shakespeare, that there is a divinity that shapes the aims and purposes of our lives, rough hew them as we may. One of these persons referred to the fact, that he could recall numerous instances, where if he could have had his way it would have been a life-long calamity, to be deplored, and he was convinced of a special superintending care exercised in the premises.

Since the sun in illuminating a mountain finds it no more difficult than to illuminate a grain of sand, there ought to be nothing strange about the Creator of that luminary being able to exercise special care over the destinies of individuals, as distinct and special, as if each personality were the only one that ever had been or might be needing guidance, care, protection and attention in emergencies, pertaining to human history. The other spoke of the aspirations of his life as having been so different from what he had attained that he might regard his life as a failure were it not for a feeling expressed in words like these:

"What I aspired to be,
And was not,
Now comforts me."

Captain Magill now pulled a cord, and the interchange of views came to a conclusion, at the Forest tank.

A few minutes more and Cass was reached. Among the first to greet me was Postmaster Matthews. He had me wait a few minutes until he saw to the mail and then had me go to the hotel to dine, while he would return and distribute the mail. I happened to be the first at the table and the fair young waitress must have been reading about how Josephine helped Benjamin, from the way she piled dishes around my plate, I have traveled much further and did not fare as well as I did that day on the menu of the Cass Hotel.

In due time James McLaughlin sent in a horse to bring me out to his nice new home on the Back mountain, largely the work of his own hands. My escort was Prof. D. A. Tharp, a teacher of schools, now well on with his second school at the McLaughlin school house.

Seven years ago, in February, Mr. Tharp, then about twenty years of age, was coming in from Webster county to Pocahontas, by way of Black Mountain. A deep snow had fallen and he lost his way near the source of Cranberry. When night came on he spent the time walking backwards and forwards on an improvised trail on the mountain side until the sun arose. He then went towards the sun rising for seven or eight miles until he reached a dwelling, about noon, hungry enough to eat a dozen biscuits, having eaten nothing for thirty hours. But upon becoming warm, he was so sick he could eat nothing scarcely and could not walk. His right foot was so

frozen it had to be amputated at the instep.

Sabbath morning, though it rained and threatening clouds hovered over the dark and gloomy crests of Cheat mountain whence could be heard the sad and ominous throbings of the log trains ascending and descending the witch backs, a very good audience gathered at the McLaughlin chapel, for Sabbath school and teaching service.

The minister who was looked upon as there and endeavored to present a resume of the "ten words."

Special emphasis was placed upon the consequences of violating the seventh word. In the breaking of this command, was to be found the procuring cause of war, famine, pestilence, flood and fire that have desolated the earth, for it was virtually race suicide by polluting the source of human existence, and threatening all hope of the perpetual future elevation and refinement of humanity. The flood, the cities of the plain and Martinique, were adduced as illustrative instances.

The residents of Back mountain an interesting and prosperous section of our great country, will long remember Tuesday April 21, 1903 for the heavy flurry of snow that occurred.

Sabbath afternoon with Randolph Galford for guide, I preferred to walk from the mountain to Cass, two miles away. By taking high ways Cass was reached in thirty minutes, and the time intervening the hour of evening service, was passed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Williams. A packed audience was present to enjoy the comforts of a well lighted, well swept and well warmed room, prepared by the voluntary and thoughtful care of Willy Hibbert who richly merits special thanks for his good offices.

The privilege of prayer, or talking to our Father in the Heavens, was the theme. Were there but one person in our country, who would not be on speaking terms with our Heavenly Father the whole population would be aroused. Little children would be frightened at his presence, with all others there would be tears, prayers and anxious forebodings as to the dire fate awaiting one so rebellious and indifferent towards God.

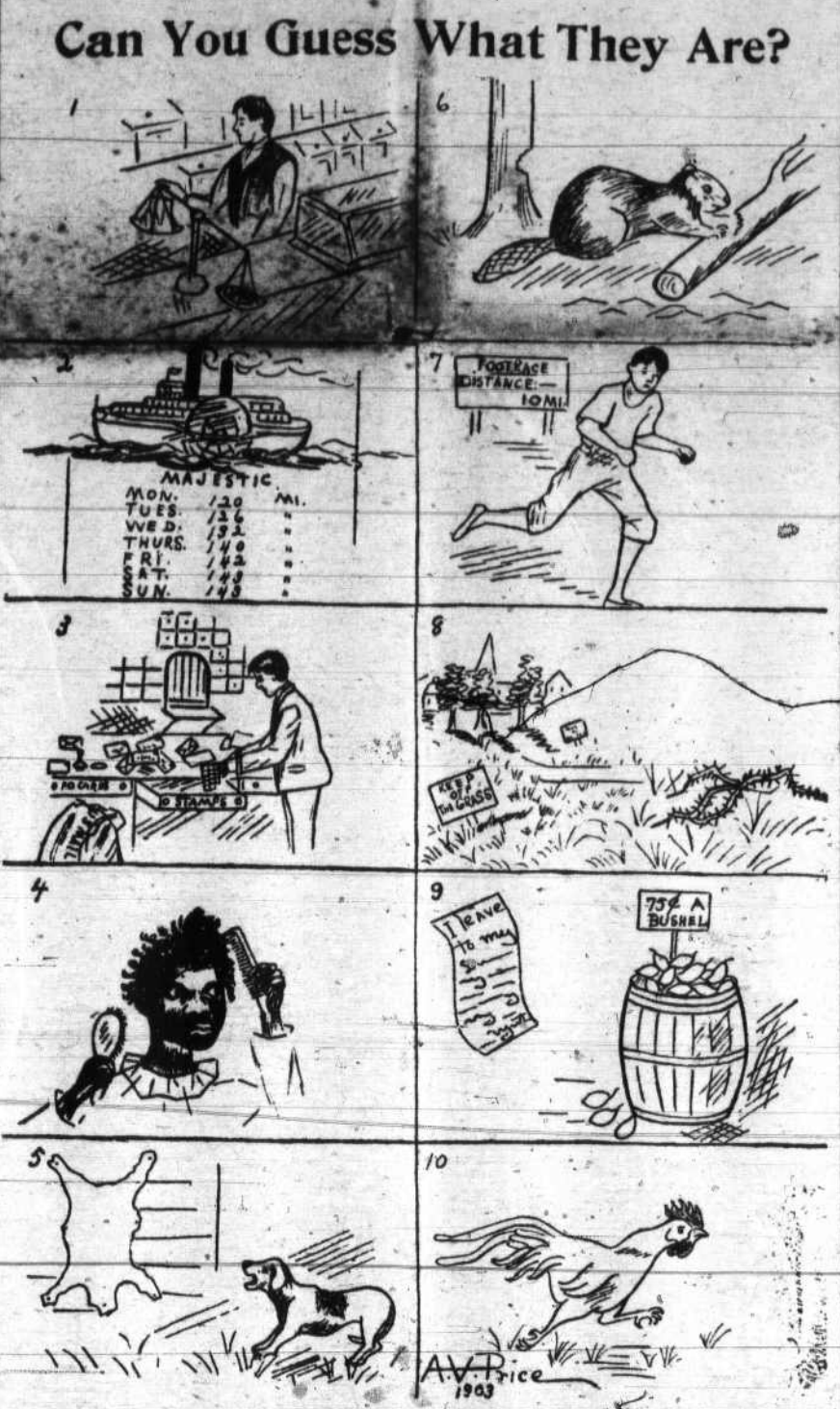
But when such an attitude towards the Almighty becomes the prevalent custom, then it awakens little or no notice, and persons may even think it something specially manly not to be on speaking terms with the All Father, except in a profane manner. Among the Hotentots of Africa, it is regarded as the proper thing for sons to kick their fathers out of doors, and daughters to spank their mothers to make them behave themselves, such is the force of fashion or prevailing habit, in modifying opinions of what is the right and proper thing to be proud of as tokens of superior manhood. Such however is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that it may happen that the very persons, who would be the loudest in their vituperations of the Hotentots never feel more self important than when using profane language themselves towards God. This too being a habit as much more reprehensible in itself as the all Father is better than any earthly parentage.

After service in the care of Mr. Dr. Arbuckle, Charley Arbuckle and Mr. Hibbert, I found an ideal place for spending the night. The Doctor's home commands an attractive view of the Greenbrier and the eastern hills, and the sunrise presents a scene of enchanting beauty.

Time and space preclude the special mention I would take so much pleasure in making, of persons and incidents coming under my observation during the hours of waiting for the Monday afternoon train.

Let it suffice to say that in my opinion it is only a matter of a few years when Cass and its sur-

Puzzle Picture
The Following Ten Pictures, Drawn by Miss Anna V. Price, of Marlinton, Each Represent a Stream of Pocahontas County.



roundings will be things of beauty, and perennial beneficial joys to all identified with its rise and progress.

The big mill with its doleful whistling, panting and puffing, the rim, push and celerity of the operatives that makes it harder than ever for the logs, would require a book to do the subject the need of justice, such a theme would require.

In fact all so different from anything I had ever dreamed as possible for our region, that at times I would feel like punching myself to see if I was really awake and not dreaming. W. T. P.

Highland Letter.
Monterey, Va.

County court adjourned today. F. J. and A. D. Armstrong qualified as executors of Allen Armstrong. H. A. Gum qualified as guardian for Wardee Gum. W. P. Campbell resigned as guardian of Willie G. Arbogast, and Geo. D. Dudley was appointed guardian of said Arbogast. C. W. Trimble was appointed registrar for the town. J. L. Beverage was appointed assistant commissioner of revenues for this county. The wills of John Botkin and Rosa J. Lewis were admitted to probate.

Julian Byrd and his wife, who have been visiting relatives on Back Creek, passed through here on their return to their home at Williamsville.

John M. Colaw, who has been in Richmond for a week, looking after his new algebra, which is soon to be published, has returned, we hope his new book will meet with success.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson are quite successful as managers of Hotel Commercial.

Our circuit court begins May 4th, there have not been many new suits entered.

Letcher Herold of Frost, was in town one night this week.

Jacob H. Hidy and family of McDowell, have moved to Cass where they expect to make their future home. C.

Notice of Dissolution.
The co-partnership existing between R. W. Hill, J. F. Hill and T. A. Sydenstricker, under the firm name and style of J. F. Hill and Co., was dissolved on the 1st day of March, 1903, by mutual consent, by article of agreement duly made and entered into on that date. The undersigned partner at that time retired from said firm.

Given under my hand this 1st day of April, 1903.
T. A. SYDENSTRICKER.

Arboreal.

How happy are we that the spring of all our comfort has come and brought with it the glad sweet smile of warm and beautiful days which, as you know Mr. Editor we all enjoy for then we can take our rod and line, march off to some brook and delightfully pass away the time in hooking those speckled beauties, or go into some place where there is a patch of ramps and perfume our breath by those sweet vegetables of the mountain glen.

W. Buzzard and Bro. moved their new thirty horse power engine and sawmill in week before last, and now are making things hum. They are sawing for M. P. Bock Lumber Co.

Several of our boys came in from Cheat, where they have been working the past winter, and have gone on to the Horton lumber camps. It is surprising yet alarming to see so many of our young men leaving the farms for the lumber and railroad camps, and some few for the cities and towns. The farm don't make quite as much money as working in camp, but take it year in and year out the farmer makes as much as the woodsman.

To the parents and farmers of Pocahontas county, give your children a little piece of ground to work for themselves. Show them how to work, and encourage them, and give them a sheep, cow, horse pig or chicken. Teach your children to be honest industrious and manly, and at an early age to save money, and not to spend it foolishly for that which does neither the body or mind any good. Bring them up to respect the Sabbath and to love God.

Cecil Hiner stopped over night at the Central Hotel, Sunday night a week ago.

Rev. Harry Blackhurst preached an able sermon the 19 G. W. Sharp of Frost was here last Saturday on business, and called in to see our friend and neighbor, Benj. M. Arbogast.

The boys had quite a nice game of ball last Saturday, the score stood 2 for Bruffey and 0 for Arboreale. They will play every Saturday evening, come out everybody.

Sol. W. Phares has been staying in the P. O. for a few days. Sherman Sutton, we understand has sold his property near Arboreale to the M. E. Church, to be used as a parsonage.

Charlie Varner is off to camp. Willie Pugh and Walter Brown are working for Dr. J. P. Moorman near Greenbank.

Benj. M. Arbogast, the champion fence builder is building more fence, besides this has cleared up about six or eight acres of nice ground, with only the help of one hired hand. We notice a great many other improvements on his nice farm, which adds much to it, our neighbor Ben is moving along slow but sure.

Gateway Sutton, one of Durbin's most energetic men was at the Central Hotel last Sunday.

The most worthy and energetic postmaster of Cass, came to our town last Sunday as inspector of the Big Four Route.

Mr. Verdolfer and James Arbogast, of Boyer, attended preaching services here last Sunday morning. A. F.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Road Superintendent of Huntersville District, in the county of Pocahontas, will receive sealed bids until noon, May 15, 1903, for the repairing of the large bridge across Knapps Creek, near Huntersville, said work to be done in accordance with specifications filed with W. H. Barlow, at Huntersville, and S. L. Brown, at Marlinton.

Each bid is to be accompanied with bond with approved security in penalty double the amount of the bid. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids may be filed with either of the above named parties or with the undersigned superintendent.

J. C. HARPER
Road Supt. Huntersville District

Dunmore.

We think a change in the weather will take place and get warmer, the March moon is out till 1904 last week.

Miss Mattie Moore Austin also came home from Lewisburg. Misses Florence and Mamie Austin are visiting at Dunmore. Hon. Geo. Hoover has moved to the Jack Kern farm near Dunmore.

Fortunately at the run away at Frost and Little Back Creek no one was hurt.

Dr. Stout the Dentist has been operating on the mouth organs, at Dunmore and Greenbank.

Auctioneer Swecker, and Deputy Sheets were at the upper end of the county last week on business.

We are sorry to learn of the critical illness of Mrs. Mollie Gum, near Frost.

W. R. Moore is making arrangements to build a fine dwelling house at Stony Bottom this summer.

A new enterprise will start up soon at Whitteker's Run, along the side of Cheat mountain.

Geo. L. Eagle of Cass is on the sick list.

The roads have about money enough put on them this year to give them a lick and a promise.

Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Hevener was in town last week.

Dave Hively and his mule passed through Monday evening.

Mrs. M. C. Dilly at Greenbank is on the sick list.

The new telephone line is getting along nicely, the holes are dug to Stony Bottom.

Funeral Director C. B. Swecker sent a burial outfit to Durbin Tuesday for Mrs. Ella M. Kerr who died at her home in Durbin Monday night. Mrs. Kerr was a good lady, she leaves a husband and many friends to mourn her loss. She was about forty years of age.

S. S. H.

No Occasion to Worry.
And then that funny deer. But here's his match. In years long ago a missionary was sent into the western country to establish a congregation in a rude church in some settlement. He apparently met with much success, and his Sunday services were well attended. On a certain Sunday morning the little church was unusually well filled, which gave such inspiration to the clergyman that he was at his very best. In the middle of his discourse all eyes were upon him and he felt that his truths were sinking deep into the hearts of his hearers. Suddenly the tongues were heard, and in a twinkling the little church was deserted, except that one man on crutches remained. The minister was so overcome with blasted hopes and misjudgment of his own intensity of speech that he laid himself across his pulpit and literally groaned with disappointment on seeing the congregation so readily chase a strange god in the form of a deer. His heaviness of heart so excited the sympathy of the lame man that he sought to console the minister, and said in sympathetic tones, "Don't you worry, deacon, I know them dogs well and that deer'll never get away; they'll git him inside of a mile, or you may cuss me for guesser."—Forest and Stream.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

A young man about town ventured near a jovial friend the other morning. He asked the young man if he still continued to break the law when catching fish. That he ought to be ashamed of himself in not confining himself to fishing with the hook and line like others did. That it was wrong to try unlawful methods on the unsuspecting fish. The young man looked unhappy and moved away.

Upon investigation we found that some weeks ago the young man was engaged in fishing for the festive sucker from a high bank near the mouth of Knapps creek. There is some talk about the flowing beer bottle but we will slur over that. Presently the young man was seen to dive headforemost from the top of the bank and disappear under the muddy waters of Knapps Creek. He came out a wetter and wiser man, but with no fish. The joker was trying to make it appear that the young man had gone in after a umful of fish.

FIXING UP THE CHURCH.

The approach of Presbytery caused the Ladies' Aid Society to become convulsed over the important work of making the church presentable. The walls were to be considered first and the society divided on whether to paper or not to paper the walls. After much caucusing and numerous meetings of the society it was decided to paper the walls and the protest of some Presbyterians of the old school; that the walls be whitewashed was disregarded.

Carpenters then looked at the church and found that the ceiling had sunk several inches owing to the fact that the keys in the braces had become loose. Some of the parishioners have not been to church since the discovery was made. It is supposed that they are afraid that the ceiling will fall on them. To such we will say that the keys have been drawn up and it is now safe for the sinner to sit under.

The church has been greatly improved. It has been thoroughly cleaned, the ceiling plasticed, the walls papered, the floor painted, and new carpets put down. The choir has been moved up on the choir corner and put up on a platform. All these improvements are appreciated but they have not come easy. It has taken the combined energies and resources of the Ladies' Aid Society for months. In the meantime their neighbors have been looking on wondering if women had to manage the industries and run the government where they world land, when the vital question of papering the church required so many meetings. "But men must work while women sweep, so runs the world away."

FINES OF PLENTY.

Presbytery meets at Marlinton for the first time. About twenty years ago the church was built here but this is the first time that we have been so honored. For many years Pocahontas county was so far from the railroad that Presbyteries, political conventions and churches gave the county a wide berth. That is all changed now and we are on the railroad and consequently in the world.

When this writer was growing up he had the opportunity to attend several meetings of Presbytery. He has the honor of having been born a minister's son and was consequently reared in an atmosphere of luxury and ease. We always had plenty of bread and quite frequently butter to go with it.

The writer's one claim to distinction is that he can fish. He claims to do that fairly well and he was once asked by a friend who had probably had three full meals every day of his life, how he came to be such a fisher. The only explanation he could give was that there had been a time when he just had to catch fish.

In those days when the semi-

(Continued on page 3.)